rather irritated at the question, "we will enter him simply as 'vanished.' I will enter myself as 'cured,' and if this thing occurs again when you are on duty, you will enter yourself as 'discharged.'"

That afternoon Dr. Evanstone met Mr. Wang Foo strolling through the English garden. The latter greeted him with:

"Well, doctor, how is our poor unfilial friend today?"

"Oh, he is getting on nicely, but the chap in the next bed to him—a mysterious poison case that I was most anxious to treat and watch—jumped out the window last night and took French leave. The nurses tell me he went home for New Year. Isn't it a little early in the season for that sort of thing Mr. Wang?"

"Well, yes, unless he came from a distance and they all like to get home early, you know. What was the case? Opium, as usual, I suppose."

"No, not at all, some drug or other that he had taken that turned him yellow as gold. We couldn't get a word out of him, so I had to make all my diagnosis by dead reckoning, as the sailors say."

"Too bad that you couldn't go on with the case, wasn't it? Well, perhaps he will turn up again. They sometimes come back after New Year, if they think the hospital has been good to them. Would you know him again if he did?"

"Yes, I could spot him out of a thousand."

"How so? The foreigners usually say that their native patients all look so much alike that they can hardly tell one from the other."

"Well, this chap had a string of scars across his chest. They looked as if they had been made with old copper cash by some native doctor. They were so regular that I nicknamed him at once 'Old Necklace,' and I know I could pick him out anywhere."

"You don't remember who brought him to the hospital, do you?"

"No, it's impossible for me to remember these things without referring to the record book—but, now that you speak of it, I believe he was picked up in the street very early in the morning, quite unconscious and with a piece of paper pinned on to his gown which said, 'Please take me to the foreign hospital.'"

"Well, his coming, then, was about as mysterious as his going, wasn't it?" remarked Wang Foo with a smile, as he bade the surgeon goodnight and continued his walk through the park.

* * * * * * * *

The lamp was burning low in the inner chamber of the tao tai's yamen in old Shanghai, where two officials were leaning over a table and carefully scrutinizing a number of papers unrolled before them.

"Your excellency," remarked the secretary, "these letters show that so far nothing has been found in the upriver cities, although most careful search has everywhere been made. Here are reports also from Hang Chow and Soo Chow, and they are all to the same effect. I still believe that he will be found hiding somewhere in Shanghai, for, as you know, they think they are safer here than anywhere else in the country. They are lost in the mixed multitude here and can easily escape detection."

"How long has Wang Foo been at work here now?"

"He arrived on the third day of the moon, this is the seventeenth, exactly two weeks tonight."

"Well, what is his latest idea? Has he any definite cue?"

"Nothing that he has given out, so far, but, as your excellency knows, he is a man of few words and very reticent and doesn't, as a rule, commit himself until he is very sure of his whole position."

"Have the European police made a thorough search through all the pawn shops and rookeries in the settlement for the stolen beads?"

"Yes, but the difficulty is that no one is able to give them an accurate description, for no one has ever seen them."

"True, that adds to the mystery. We must wait a few days more and see if anything further develops."

The above conversation between the tao tai and his secretary had reference to the head of one of the most dangerous bands of counterfeiters the Chinese government had had to deal with. After many months of unrelenting labor, most of the members had been apprehended and some of them summarily punished, but the ringleader was still at large and the provincial authorities were holding the tao tai responsible for this whereabouts. The latter, after exhausting all other means, had sent to Hongkong for Wang Foo and the great detective had now been some two weeks at work upon the case. All that he had to go upon was a very meager description of the man, which had been wormed out of his confederates by torture and a placard which was found tacked to the door of the tao tai's apartment in the yamen. The placard bore these words:

"Wei Jin Yoong Yao Chien Chao.
Choo Tze Choo Ting Yeu Pao."

Which might be freely rendered as follows:

"He who makes coin for human needs,
Will surely wear the abbot's beads."

As all criminals are generally fond of jewelry, his excellency concluded at once that the head counterfeiter was wearing a valuable rosary, probably purloined from some neighboring temple, and, in due course of time, would seek to dispose of it at some pawnbroker's in the city. A very thorough search was accordingly made by both the English and the Chinese police, of the temples and of the pawnshops, but, although several necklaces were unearthed, nothing was recovered that could with any propriety be called "the abbot's beads." No temple treasury had been robbed—what other kind of beads could possibly be referred to?

It was while passing a sailor's tattoo shop near the Japanese wharf that an inspiration came to Wang Foo, which opened an entirely new line of search. His eye was attracted by the sign and its peculiar wording:

"Why pay out your money for jewels of silver and gold,
When I can adorn you with those that never grow old?"

This was surrounded by cheap pictures and prints of rings, watches, pins, necklaces and glittering jewels tattooed on the human frame. Why might not the "abbot's beads" be painted or tattooed or even cut and burned into the neck of the man he was seeking? He thought it all out that night, and the very next day began his search for the "beads." How and where he eventually found them, has been already told above.

* * * * * * * *

"But what made you think of looking for him in the Mission Hospital, Mr. Wang?" inquired Inspector Gubbins a few days after the capture, as they were having a friendly chat and smoke over it at headquarters. That's about the last place to expect to find a Chinese criminal, isn't it?

"Yes and no. If they or their friends have ever been treated by a foreign surgeon, they are almost certain to go back to him in time of trouble, for they know it's their only chance of life. You see he had evidently two companions, and, as is often the case, when the time of danger came, one stood by him and the other turned against him. The friend was the one who pinned the paper on his gown saying, 'Please take me to the foreign hospital,' the enemy was the one who attempted to poison him and who put the placard on the tao tai's door."

"But why should they make their notice so formal and ambiguous? Why go to all the trouble of putting it into poetry?"

"Ah, my dear Mr. Gubbins, that's just the difference between east and west. 'Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well,' we say, and there is no reason why a notice of a thief to his friends shouldn't be in good poetry—that is, provided he can write the poetry, is there?"

"Why, I suppose not. I've even heard that in some Asiatic countries, when a man intends to commit suicide, he spends hours, and even days, in composing his farewell to the world. I suppose that means that he wants lots of pity and sympathy and all that sort of thing after it's too late to give it to him, eh?"

"No, not at all, it simply means that the law of courtesy and grace holds right through unto the end. There's no reason why one shouldn't go out of this world in as refined and as becoming a way as possible, is there?"

How beautiful and dignified were the old suicides of the east! Contrast the silken cord of China, or the hara-kiri sword of Japan with the horrible and repulsively vulgar blowing out of one's brains with an American gun. Would any person with an artistic taste hesitate between them?

It reminds me of the classic:

"What is perfect propriety?" asked the disciples of Confucius.

"To withdraw as gracefully as one enters," replied the Master.

THE LETTERS OF PATRIOTIC POLLY, A WAR WORKER

DADDY, dear: Have you ever stopped to think how far it is from Washington to California? I do not believe that I ever did fully until this past week.

You see my bad fairy, instead of my good one, has been answering my wish for thrills. She turned a madman loose in the city. Maybe I am taking too much of the credit for his performance, but it is not because it is pleasant, daddy. I do not think it requires a very vivid imagination to conjure up the kind of lives we have been living the past few days with a madman lost somewhere in the District. I have been very careful to keep him out of my letters until he was caught, because your worrying over him would not solve the question.

There was only one consoling thing thing about it—you do not object to my being a little far-fetched in my fancies, do you? I experienced some of the wide-awakeness that my grandmother did coming with her young husband across the Indian-haunted deserts in pioneer days. In the midst of it Nan wrote home for the old pistol of her father's that her sister kept hanging over the mantel. But I was as afraid of a gun as a man, so there was nothing for me to do except cover my head. The pistol did not come, because it was such an ornament in the den, the sister wrote, and if it had, it would have probably been too late. It seems that something is always happening to keep us from sleeping, such as dates and burglar scares.

But one very embarrassing incident happened that you must hear about. One night Mr. and Mrs. Motherheart wanted to go to the neighbors for a little visit and asked us if we were afraid to stay in the house alone. We replied bravely with much fear and trembling inwardly. We went upstairs and sat close together reading to forget that we were frightened; we heard the doorbell ring. Now 8:30 is not time for callers who have not sent sufficient warning beforehand. While we hesitated Nan thought of a telegram, so we were, well, scareder not to answer it than we were to do it. Since Nan had taken her hair down, it fell to my lot to go, but she tipped down with me and sat in the shadow of the landing of the stairs. I summoned every bit of the courage, patriotism and sternness in me, as I advanced to meet the man on the other side of the door. Instead of the outline of a telegram-carrier's cap, the dim light of the hall fell on the slouched hat of a man whose face I could not see. Before I could speak, the fellow put his hand on the knob and said: "Where are the girls tonight?"

My voice stuck in my throat.

"You don't know me?" he went on.

Still I was silent. I know my brain was absolutely numb.

"I thought I would call and see if you girls wouldn't like to go to the movies tonight," was his next remark.

Just at that moment Nan screamed out to me. "Shut the door!" Bang it went! She ran down the stairs and turned the key in the second lock and we stood there staring at each other as pale as two ghosts in a moonlight cemetery.

It was the madman trying to get in, we were sure; we were too frightened to back upstairs, so we huddled together on the landing until the family came home. Mrs. Motherheart, when she turned up the light and saw us, laughed until she cried. We poured out our story while they listened and acted as if we were a one-act stunt at a vaudeville theater. Then they turned to each other and said: "So that was the trouble with Fred." Fred, Daddy, is a man who rooms at the neighbor's and who has been secretly adoring Nan and often threatening to take her to the movies. Then they told us how he hurried out importantly, and soon hurried back in again with a gruff "howdy-do" and a growl when they spoke to him.

After that we never saw Fred again, even to apologize, although I fear our apology would have likely taken the form of advice in making dates with girls in lost madman times. But who cares?

I have a hunch, Dad, that so far through this letter you have constantly been reverting your attention, if not your eyes, to the new address at the top of my letter; it shines as conspicuously as a baby's new tooth, doesn't it? Well, it's true? How do you like it? Rather sudden, you say? To explain, Mrs. Motherheart was called to Richmond to her daughter's home because of illness there, and it meant that she might be away for months. Some friends of hers wanted a home badly—you know they are as scarce as silver dollars here—so that meant for us to leave, although a room was reserved for Mr. M. To add to the excitement of that day, Nan's sergeant called and said his sister was coming to Washigton, and he wished she might stay with us. He said that about all he remembered of her was that she was a jim-dandy cook. That decided us, dad; we got an apartment.

If it had not been for her, we would very likely been forced to go to the government hotel. Rooms are not much more easily obtained. All the armistice did for Washington crowds was to move the girls who were packed three and four in a room, as we were in the beginning. The government dormitories, dad, are gray rows of long, flat stucco buildings, named after the alphabet, and occupying the spare room between the station and the Capitol. They were built by Uncle Sam, and for $45 monthly each girl gets a single room, just big enough for her, and two meals a day, also plenty of a.m.i's. The parlors are furnished in such good taste that it is really a credit to our big uncle. I do not know why Nan and I did not want to go to them. It might have been because we could get no double room then, or because we did not care for the boarding-house atmosphere. At any rate, we had Mr. M. to help us and we found a love of an apartment.

We took the day off and signed the lease this morning and had our trunks moved. Here we are tonight, the dishes washed and put away and both of us writing letters. Nan's sergeant's sister—her name is Bonnie—arrives tomorrow. We have in our new home this large room, which conveniently and uncomplainingly does the duty of living room, dining room and bedroom, for the person who sleeps on the couch. There is, moreover, a bedroom, and, opening on to it, a bathroom, and, daddy, a kitchenette with a gas stove, a cabinet and a sink. Everything is furnished, from gas and electricity down to individual salts and two peppers. It was like playing dolls again to get dinner tonight. We both wanted to so much that we both did, but hereafter it will be week about. I start off cleaning and Nan cooking, because she knows more than I. To go into details about it, we are on fourth floor and have an elevator; there is a window box, but nothing growing as yet; the refrigerator is across the room from the music machine. (We hope our guests will appreciate the uses of the former enough to excuse the latter's association), and when Bonnie comes we shall, all three, pay $75 for the apartment. Getting such a place as this for seventy-five is due to Mr. M. and our good fortune, not to the kind-hearted agent, Dad. We have figured on fifteen apiece monthly for food. I think I can save enough now to dispense with the colonel. Anyway, he may be transferred any minute now.

Nan lent me $30 and I paid off my furs. She got a $220 raise, which means $1,320 per annum. It looks like ten thousand to me. Nobody at the war risk got anything more than usual last pay day. They tell us it is coming next time, sure. But I prefer to wait and be surprised, so I am not hoping.

Now I am coming to the important part of my letter. We did not have anything to do this afternoon, having the day off, so we took advantage of those tickets that Senator Smith sent us and went to the Senate. I will not bubble over about the Capitol any more for your sake, but please let me add that we saw inside the Supreme Court room this time. I always pictured the judge looking out over a vast audience. He seemed rather closed up inside that little space, but it is such a concentrated loveliness that I am glad to get a true-to-life picture. Then we saw the President's room. I felt like Moses on the burning bush. Do you remember how those mirrors in the sides give the room the effect of length and add lightness and airiness, which beautifully balance the richness of it?

After that we took out our cards and were ushered into that part of the gallery reserved for the owners of the little white tickets.

Tossing up a penny would be about as good a way as any to decide whether I am glad or sorry that I went. It was the dullest of dull days; nothing exciting, such as prohibition or suffrage on hand. I never fully comprehended what the talk was about. But that is not what mattered. I went in that gallery, Daddy, with almost the feeling of awe that came over me only at times when we saw the Grand Canyon.

You will have to imagine a pause between the above paragraph and this one, Dad. I stopped to remark to Nan that I was telling you about the Senate so you could say something to make me respectful again; you can always fix my politics so easily.

Nan put down her letter and said that she was telling the same thing; then she added this: "Polly, as I have been thinking it over tonight, I believe that we should feel very relieved instead of disappointed. You and I went up there expecting to see supermen. We found only a set of human beings like everybody else. Isn't that much better than a few supermen who cannot understand humanity since they are so far above it themselves?"

I ran and hugged her for that and told her that I was going to tell you what she said, because I do not believe, even you, Dad, could do no better. Nan gets very wise at times and uses perfectly splendid words. Oh, I am so glad I have a father who has implicit faith in the principles of our government, because democrats and republicans both, we are all working for one fine ideal.

More on the subject of Nan. She's a wonder at understanding people. I am just a romantic, impulsive optimist and I would not be happy if I tried to be anything else. But Nan really understands human nature. The other night I told her about Paul.

I began at the very beginning, dad, from the time his parents moved next door to us, then his going away to Leland-Stanford and later my going to the university, our summers together, the time we first decided that we were intended for each other, how that conviction grew with the years and how he was in every way my ideal man. Through it all Nan patted my hand affectionately, saying, "Cry, if you can, dear." But, even when my voice trembled and a lump came in my throat, my eyes stayed as dry as our alkali stretches of desert.

It was hard after all of that to tell her about the last furlough he had when he brought home those two officers and one of them fell in love with that little Mexican girl. She could not understand how he and the other officer were tricked into a real marriage at that fiesta; she does not know much about Spanish customs. But I told her about that old priest who sneaked in, and she saw that it was something that might happen before one realized it, after all that jealousy and trouble the other officer aroused. Anyway, Paul was married and not to me. And one could sympathize there.

And I told her at last of his sudden order to report to camp the next day, and how at 6 in the morning you came in to wake me and tell me that Paul's train had whistled and I might see him leave, as I had so often done. You did not know then, Daddy. And there we stood, you and I together, at my window, watching the puff of the engine bearing him out of my life forever, when he had been the biggest, best part of it, aside from you; there we stood, watching—I, with cold, critical eyes, while the only person to tell him good-bye was that little Mexican girl who had slipped down to the station when her American senor went back to war.

Well, we can never make a rose again out of the perfume that clings to its dead petals, nor can we bring back the days that are gone with the memories that we want to forget. If only I can make up to Lieut. Belson in some way for the brightness I might have given Paul, married or not! But he, too, is gone now, and I have not heard anything from him. I may not see him again.

Madman, Senate, love! A mixture, is it not? Could you find such a combination outside of Washington? Well, the city has meant much, and you would never have let me come if it had not been to forget Paul and to satisfy my patriotic idea that since we lost him some one ought to represent the family in the struggle for democracy. Just as soon as the bureau will let me go, I am coming back to you, Dad. And then I shall never leave you except for another war.

Yours for Peace,

?

POLLY.

Footless.

"AMERICA," said Statistician Edward Hungerford, "will be for some time to come the supply market of the world. High-salaried American salesmen all over Europe are today received with open arms, and they sell very advantageously all the American goods they can offer."

Mr. Hungerford smiled.

"Of course," he said, "certain shipping disappointments are inevitable, but let us hope that all these disappointments turn out as satisfactorily as that of the Italian.

"Receiving a shipment of stoves from a Pittsburgh firm, this Italian sent them the following letter:

"'Dear sirs: I received de stoves which I by from you airite. But for why don't you send me no feet? Wat is de use of de stove when he don't have no feet? I am loose to me customer sure ting by not having de feet, and dats not very pleasure for me. Wat is de matter wit you? You lose me my trade, and now I tell you dat you are a blein fool and no good. I send you back at wunce your stoves to morre for sure because you are such a blem foolish peoples. Your respectfulee, Giovanni Galli. P. S.—Since I rite dis letter I find de feet in de hoven. Excuse to me.'"

Champion Hand-Shaker.

SENATOR ASHURST of Arizona is recognized as the champion hand-shaker in the Senate. A few days ago his secretary, accompanied by a stenographer from the senator's office, rushed into the Senate chamber with a pile of mail for the seneator to sign. Whereupon Ashurst jumped from his seat and, placing his hand upon his secretary's shoulder in a please-vote-for-me-manner, warmly shook hands with him and the clerk and then sat down to dispose of his mail.